Vol. V. Numb. 19.

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man *gives a Relation of the Fight in* Flanders. *Remarks thereon. The Circumstances of* France *will oblige* It *to Sue for Peace. A Dialogue betwixt a* Bruſh-Man *and the* Country-man.

From Saturday May the 18th, to Wednesday May the 22d, 1706.

Obſ. NOW, Honeſt *Country-man*, I hope thou haſt got a Fighting Story with a Witneſs. I Long'd for your coming Home with the Particulars. We have a Rumour of it here; but can make *nothing* of it.

Country-m. Maſter, I have it *All*. But before I tell it, let me get in my *Gears*. Here, *Joan*, make haſte, bring us a full Jugg of *October*, clean *Glaſs*, clean *Pipes*, and ſome of *Moore's Tobacco*. Maſter, this *Story* will make you Laugh; 'tis very *Chomical*. Here *Tom*, *Jugg*, every Body come in and hear the *Good News*. Maſter, before we begin, here's a good Health to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

Obſ. I'll Pledge thee Heartily.

Country-m. Nay, let it go round; every Body muſt Drink it. I am ſure we have no *Tories* or *High-Fliers* in this Houſe: And now, Maſter, one more Health to Mr. *Overkirk*, the *Dutch* General, who Behaved himſelf bravely in this Action.

Obſ. I'll Pledge that too: But don't let us Drink too faſt, perhaps thou'lt forget thy *Story*.

Country-man. No, Maſter, I ſhall never forget it as long as I Live. The Duke of *Marlborough* not being joyn'd by the *Pruſſian*, *Hannover*, and Other *Forces*, the *French* thought it now a fit time to Revenge themſelves on His *Grace* for the extraordinary *Favour* and *Kindneſs* He ſhow'd 'em not long ſince at *Hogſted*: They being much Superiour in Number, were reſolv'd to Eat up His *Grace* and His *Army* for a *Breakfaſt*, and ſo March'd out of their Lines. The *Duke* having Intelligence thereof, was reſolv'd to ſee what Sport He could make of it, and truly did not care to *Stay* till *They came* to *Him*, but He *went* to *Them*.

He March'd towards *them* on *Sunday*; the *better Day*, *the better Deed*; and fell foul of the *Frenchmens* Jackets, who ſtood it Bravely; there was fine *Rubbing Work* among 'em. Poor Maſter *Overkirk* and his *Dutchmen* bore the Brunt of the Battel, and Behaved themſelves with a deal of *Bravery*: There was never ſuch an Obſtinate *Fight* Known; never a greater *Victory* Obtain'd; nor more *Honour* Purchas'd by the *Allies*: In ſhort, they are Routed *Horſe* and *Foot*; *Bag* and *Baggage* Taken; and the *Duke* has been two Days in the Purſuit.

The Duke was very likely to be Kill'd in the Action; for ſome of the *French* Fellows, knowing his *Grace*, Fir'd at him as hard as they could drive, and his Horſe falling down, one Colonel *Bringsfield* coming to Re-mount his *Grace*, had his Head ſhot off by a *Cannon Bullet*. Ah! Maſter, I fancy 'tis a terrible Sight to ſee a Man without a Head: Poor Creature how he look'd. To have his Head pop'd off in a Moment, and not have time to bid his *Grace* adieu: Hard Fate of War!

Obſ. He Dy'd in the Bed of *Honour*.

Country-m. Bed of *Honour*, quotha? I fancy 'tis a very uneaſie Bed: I had rather Live than Die in't. Do you think our *Joan* wou'dn't be Frighted to ſee her Huſband, *Roger*, in Bed without his Head on. Look-ye, Maſter, if *One* have *Ones* Leg Shot off, that Defect may be Repair'd by a *Wooden Pedeſtal*; but when a Mans Head is *gone*, *All* is *gone* with him. There is but One *Head-Maker* in the *Univerſe*, and he never promis'd a Man *two* Heads, *one* to Wear, and *another* for a Reſerve. I have a great Mind to ſee a Battel; but I'll never go to the Wars till *Shooting* off Peoples Heads is out of Faſhion. I bar that: I wou'dn't looſe my Head, methinks, for any thing.

Monſieur *Overkirk*, the *Dutch* General, had the ſtrangeſt Eſcape that ever I heard of: Here it is on the *Poſt-Man*. His *Excellency* ſeeing ſome *Troopers* that were going to Kill a *Bavarian* Officer, hinder'd them, and out of *Generouſity* ſpar'd his Life: But the ſame Officer being near him, went about to Kill him, and would have put that Villanous Deſign in Execution, had not a *French Groom*, belonging to his *Excellency*, prevented the ſame, and Shot to Death that *Ruffian*, who was unworty to Live, ſeeing he deſign'd to Murther a General who had ſo Generouſly ſav'd his Life.

Maſter, did you ever Read a Story Parallel to this of that *Bavarian* Villain? I find the *High-Flyers* and *Memorialiſts* of all Countries are of the ſame *Religion*, of the ſame *Moral Virtues*, of the ſame *Vilanous Practices*. The *Bavarian High-Flyers* are of the ſame *Principles* with thoſe in *England*. We *All* know that King *William* ſav'd the *Church* and *State* of *England* from *Popery* and *Slavery*: And our Good *High-Church-Men* ſerv'd him juſt as this *Bavarian* did Monſieur *Overkirk*. They deſign'd to ha' Murder'd him for His *Generouſity* and *Kindneſs*; and we ſerv'd them juſt as the *French Groom* ſerv'd this *Ruffian*; tho' we did not *Shoot* 'em, we *Hang'd* 'em till they were *Dead*, *Dead*, *Dead*; and hung up their *Quarters* on our Gates as *Enſigns* of *High-Church Loyalty*, *Religion*, and *Honour*.

I might tell, too, how they have Behaved themſelves towards our Gracious *Queen*: But let their *Memorial* tell that Story for me; they are a Brood of *Vipers* not to be Obliged. *Save 'em from the* Gallows, *and they'll Cut your Throat.*

Obſ. My Honeſt *Country-man*, I like thy *News* very well. I like ſuch a *Story* at any time; but moſt of all when it comes in the beginning of a Campaign. This Single Blow is worth Ten, and has open'd a Way for more of the ſame Nature, of which I don't queſtion but you'll

have

have an Account in a short time. 'Tis a Blow that makes the Empire of *France* Stagger under its *Oppressor*, the *French Tyrant*: 'Tis a Stab at his very Heart.

Country-m. Aye, Master, so it is: And one of his Generals, when he found the Army entirely Routed, sat Pensive a long time on his Horse, with his Arms folded cross his *Breast*, and his *Hat* Flapping over his *Ears*; at length, with a deep Sigh, he express'd himself thus, *Good God! Poor* France *is Ruin'd and Undone*: And indeed, Master, so it is. The Siege of *Barcelona* is *Rais'd*; the *French* Fleet *Ruin'd*; their Army in the *Netherlands Vanquish'd*. *God* is against 'em. Their *Couriers* are *Jobs Comforters*. The *Messengers* of ill *News*, dismal *Stories* of Vanquish'd *Troops*, of Defeated *Armies* and *Navies*, Invade the Palaces of the most *Christian Turk*, who has Delighted in *Blood*, and now has his fill. *Give him Blood to Drink for he is Worthy.*

Obs. Indeed, *Roger*, *France* has receiv'd its fatal Blow, its Death Wound: But tho' its *Arms*, its *Legs* and *Thighs* may be Broken, or Cut off, its *Head* is not Shot off. The *Cunning* of *France* added to its *Power*, has done *Wonders*; and its *Politicks* have never fail'd when its *Power* has been Broken: We need look no farther back than the Treaty of *Ryswick* for an Instance.

The *Power* of *France* is now Shatter'd and Broken almost every where. The *Victory* the *Confederates* have lately gain'd, is, indeed, Glorious in it self: But the Circumstance of *Time* and *Place*, being Early in the Season of War, and our being in Possession of the Enemies Lines gives us a Happy Prospect of more Conquests this Summer.

The Affairs of *France* may now make us think of *Peace*; for it cannot long Stand: *Spain* is already Lost: And *France* in a Tottering Condition: Its *Armies* are Defeated and Broken; and a stop will soon be put to their supply of *Bullion* from the *Spanish West-Indies*. What has *France* now to think of but *Peace?* And *Peace* it must have upon any Terms: But I hope not such a *Peace* as that at *Ryswick*, not a *Peace* in Armour; a *Peace* so much like a *War*, that we could hardly discern *One* from the *Other*; so very *Inglorious*, that the *French* King upon it, in his *Vain Glorious* Motto's, Stiled himself *The Giver of Peace to* Europe. He must now *Take* and not *Give*: He must be an *Humble Suitor*, and not *Demand*. He must *Vomit Up* his Conquer'd *Provinces*, and give Cautionary *Towns*: So *Perfidious* a Breaker of *Treaties* must be Ty'd *Up* by the strictest Methods. But of this I shall Discourse more at large as Occasion shall serve. Prithee, *Roger*, tell me how the People at *London* do Behave themselves upon this *Good News*.

Country-m. Master, they are quite Drunk with *Joy*. Nothing goes down at the *Taverns* but the Duke of *Marlborough*, and my Lord *Overkirk*. The *Perkinites* and *High-Flyers* are *All Thunder-struck*: There's Sawcy *Jack*, the *Druggist*, in *Southwark*, looks as if he had been *Devoured* and *Squirted* out again. They look like a parcel of *Codled-Apples*: *Two a Penny* Jacobites; *two a Penny*; that's the Cry of the *Boys* about Town. Now they find their Friends are Routed, they begin to come Over: The *Spaniels* will at last leap over the Stick of *Government*, and take the *Oaths*. As King *Williams* Cannons at the *Boyn* prov'd *Converting Ordinances* to a certain *Welsh* Doctor of Divinity, so this Bout of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s will prove the same to the *Nonjurors* and *High-Flyers*. And 'tis said That *Lesley* has found out a Book, Printed in the Days of King *Adam*, that will satisfie their *Consciences*, as well as Bishop *Overals Convocation Book* did the Reverend Doctor.

But certainly never was greater *Rejoycing*; none *Repine* but *Jacks*, *High-Flyers*, *Memorialists*, *Tackers*, and *Grumbletonians*.

I was going along the Street, and pass'd by a Fellow that made a hedious Noise, *Will you Buy a Brush*; *Will you Buy a Brush*. He made such a Confounded Dinn, that I could not hear my self *Think* of the Glorious News. So I spoke to the Fellow, quoth I, Why do'st make such a Noise? Thou wilt Crack the Peoples Brains. Said he, *Honest* Country-man, *I get my Livelihood by making a Noise and Selling of Brushes*. But, said I, I fancy I can put thee in a better Way of Profit; do'st hear the News, *Brush Man*, quoth I? *Yes*, reply'd the *Brush-Man*: *But what's that to me?* Of great Advantage, said I, if thou knew'st it.

Said the *Brush-Man*, *I wish I did know it*; *and if you'll tell me*, *I'll give you One of my best Brushes*. Said I, I have no Occasion for a *Brush*; I thank *God* I can Pay my *Landlord*. But how do'st Sell these *Brushes?* Said he, *Some for Three Pence*, *some a Groat*, *and some Six Pence*. Said I, if thou'lt go to *France*, at this Juncture, thou may'st have as many Pounds for 'em there, as thou hast Pence in *England*. All the Great Folks there will want *Brushes* in a little time; nay, I believe the Old Gentleman himself. Thou dost not know what want of *Brushes* there is beyond Sea. The *French* Fellows that ran away in the last Fight, were either *Kill'd* or *Taken*, because they hadn't bought each 'em a *Brush*.

Quoth the *Brush-Man*, *Honest* Country-man, *thy Advice seems Reasonable*; *and*, *perhaps*, *I may send my Son Over to my* Factor: *But at present I have a Prospect of a pritty Good Trade at Home. The Merchants Trading to St.* Christophers, *and the Lee-ward Islands*, *in a short time will want* Brushes. *Those that can't make their* Crediters *content they'll want* Brushes. *When our Good* Justices *shall think fit to put Her Majesties Proclamation in Execution*, *the Parishes will want* Brushes; *the* Non-Jurors *and* High-Flyers, *in a short time*, *will want* Brushes; *and if the* Country-man *and* Observator *don't Behave themselves more Mannerly*, *in a short time they'll want* Brushes. And, Master, it being Late let us *Brush* to Bed, with a Bumper to the *Duke* and my Lord *Overkirk*.

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